

NOTES FROM PARIS.

Our Lady of the Students—Outrage upon the altar in the French Capital. PARIS, Nov. 30th.—On Sunday last an interesting ceremony took place at St. Sulpice. The object of the gathering was the annual inauguration of the Confraternity of Our Lady of the Students which takes place immediately after the return of the young men from the country to resume their studies. Many of the younger students who come to Paris for the winter time join the confraternity, and are so prepared for the great temptations of the French capital. The modern French student has a poor spiritual or even physical chance in Paris. He is generally obliged to live on the fifth or sixth floor of a shabby hotel, amongst doubtful characters who prey upon him. He takes no exercise and his evenings are generally spent in brasseries. In the end his health gives way and he either returns to his native town a wreck, with every sense of early life destroyed and with the germs of death in his frame, or remains in Paris to swell the list of young men who gain their living by gambling in third rate clubs or even by worse means. The Confraternity of Our Lady of the Students is therefore a most practical institution. At the inaugural Mass a sermon was preached by Pere Valle, a Dominican, who urged his young hearers not to lose sight of the generous and robust ideas which every righteous young man has learnt from a good mother. He added that the service of God was the brightest side of human existence, and that "to serve Him was to reign." The confraternity will meet periodically in a private chapel in the Church of St. Sulpice. Catholic young men living in Paris are earnestly requested by the Chaplain to take advantage of the association.

ATTEMPTED MURDER OF A PRIEST. A terrible scene took place on Sunday last in the little Church of Louvaine in the Jura. A young man named Gollion, who had been placed the Blessed Sacrament upon the throne for Benediction. According to custom the Abbe Bossat, the parish priest, left the sanctuary to proceed round the church to take up the collection. He had only gone a few steps when a young man named Gollion darted forward and stabbed him with a clasp knife. After some resistance he was seized by two or three of the worshippers, and he exclaimed that he had been actuated by a desire to kill a priest. Judging from the daily outrages upon the clergy and upon God Himself to be found in some of the daily French papers, the action of Gollion may be considered as a logical sequence. With some justice he would probably stand a chance of acquittal on the ground that the sight of Catholic worship had aroused his legitimate susceptibilities. Fortunately the people of the Jura are still strongly Catholic, and miscreants may be taught the lesson that even if priests may be insulted they must be protected from the knife of the murderer.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC ENDORSEMENT. GOSHAM, N.H., July 14, 1879. Grate—Whoever you are, I don't know; but I thank the Lord and feel grateful to you to know that in this world of adulterated medicines there is one compound that proves and does all it advertises to do, and more. Four years ago I had a slight attack of palsy, which unnerved me to such an extent that the least excitement would make me shake like the ague. Last May I was induced to try Hop Bitters. I used one bottle, but did not see any change; another did so change my nerves that they are now as steady as they ever were. It used to take both hands to write, but now my good right hand writes this. Now, if you could manufacture as honest and good as you do you will accumulate great fortune, and confer the greatest blessing on your fellow-men that was ever conferred on mankind. TIM BURCH.

REASONS WHY THE PREMIER AND HUSBAND OF THE QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR EMBARRASSED PROTESTANTISM. The Queen Ranavalona died on the 30th day of March, 1868. Three days before her death she had been at her request baptized by the French Consul Labode. She left orders to entrust the education of her children to Catholic Missionaries. She was followed on the throne by her sister, Ranavalona, on April 2nd, 1868, who was baptized together with her husband by a Protestant minister. The reasons which induced her husband, who was at the same time premier, or chief minister, to become a Protestant rather than a Catholic are contained in his address to the Council of State: "Catholicism has as its foundation obedience. If we become Catholics, then we must obey the priests, who themselves obey the bishops and through them the Pope, who in his turn obeys Jesus Christ and is taught by the Holy Ghost. In the profession of that religion my lowest slave can become a Saint, whilst I no Saint at all, and his conduct can even condemn mine. Thus my slave should make me blush, and I would most probably be the last and worst among the Catholics. But Protestantism is the very opposite of all this; its teaching does not require obedience at all. If we embrace Protestantism, then we will hold in our hands the Bible and the whole doctrine (Lehrgebäude); it will be a help for us, to unite in us the spiritual and temporal powers. In this form of Christianity we are the maker, in the other we would be the subject."

OUR HABITS AND OUR CLIMATE. All persons leading a sedentary and inactive life are more less subject to derangements of the Liver and Stomach which, if neglected in a changeable climate like ours, leads to chronic disease and ultimate misery. An occasional dose of McCall's Compound Sulfur Pills, will stimulate the Liver to healthy action, tone up the Stomach and Digestive Organs, thereby giving life and vigor to the system generally. For sale everywhere. Price, 25c per box, five boxes \$1.00. Mailed free of postage on receipt of price in money or postage stamps.—B. E. McCall, chemist, Montreal.

ABDUCTING A CHILD. A THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL DISAPPEARS WITH A SEA CAPTAIN OF 45—A CLERGYMAN WHO WOULD'S MARRY THE PAIR. New York, Dec. 4.—Ada Brennan, the adopted daughter of Patrick Brennan, a resident of Astoria, left her home for school yesterday morning a few minutes before 9 o'clock. As she failed to return at the usual hour, the schoolmaster inquired of her father, and ascertained that she had not attended the school during the day and that she had not been seen by any of her companions. An investigation was at once set on foot by Mr. Brennan, who was not long in convincing himself that the girl had gone off with Capt. G. I. Gordon, a widower, who has been a resident of Astoria for five years. Half an hour after Ada started for school,

she accompanied Captain Gordon. It is said, to the residence of the minister of the Baptist church. Gordon told the minister that he and the girl wished to get married, but the minister was not satisfied and refused to perform the ceremony. The girl, although womanly in appearance, is only 13 years old. Gordon said he had the consent of her parents and that they would go to another minister. He then left with the girl and when last seen he was in a car with her going toward Brooklyn. Nothing was seen of them after 10:30 o'clock yesterday morning when the car was a few blocks from Hunter's Point bridge. The abduction was reported last evening to Police Sergeant John Whitcomb of Astoria, who went with Mr. Brennan and other citizens to police headquarters in Brooklyn, from which a general alarm was sent out. The Sergeant, Mr. Brennan and his friends then came to this city, where Gordon is believed to be hiding. The girl has a dark complexion and dark hair. She wore a mixed plaid dress, a felt turban hat, a blue jacket, and old shoes. She was an orphan, and 8 years ago she was adopted by Mr. Brennan, who, as well as his wife, is much attached to her. Captain Gordon is about 45 years old. He is said to have been a blockade runner during the war. He is reputed to be interested in mining stocks, and to be the secretary of several mining companies. He is about 5 feet 5 inches in height, thick set, with dark hair and moustache. When last seen he wore a long shaggy overcoat and a Derby hat. His only met Ada on her way to school, but was never on visiting terms at her house. It is thought that he has succeeded in marrying the girl. Mr. Brennan was much excited over the occurrence, and it was said last night that he would shoot Gordon on sight. JAMES O'RY, Dec. 5.—The retired sea captain, George Gordon, who ran away from Astoria with Addie Brennan, aged 13, and who was found with her in a hotel here, was arraigned this morning on a charge of abduction. He declared he loved the child, and handed to the court what he said would be his last will and testament, dated November 10, bequeathing all his property to Addie, and requesting his relatives not to contest the will. The document was valueless, having but one witness. The court remanded the prisoner.

If there ever was a specific for any one complaint, then Carter's Little Liver Pills are a specific for sick headache, and every woman should know this. Only one pill a dose. 132 Pitt

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES IN TEXAS. INTERESTING LECTURES BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO. Last evening His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto lectured in St. John's Hall, Bond Street, on his experiences as a missionary in Texas. He gave an interesting account of his travels among the sparsely settled and somewhat mixed population that inhabited the Lone Star State at that time, and enabled his hearers to realize very clearly the self-sacrificing devotion which has made the early Roman Catholic missionary so conspicuous a figure in the history of this continent. Through many of the people were wild and lawless, and though until his visit they were living destitute of religious ministrations, they were, as a rule, kind and hospitable, and a great many of them were only too glad of an opportunity of renewing their relations to the Church of their youth. His Grace stated that while in some few cases he had been delighted to find that the children of families who had been living in that wild country for many years had been carefully trained in the doctrines of the Church, in others there was a painful absence of even the most elementary ideas of moral responsibility. Among the many incidents narrated by His Grace was his introduction to a Mexican camp by a Methodist class leader, and the doubts expressed, in a barely intelligible polyglot, by the lady in charge, as to the possession of priestly functions by her visitor. Being convinced at last by the exhibition of a very fine cross, she and all the family manifested much religious fervour and were very gladly baptized. A visit was also paid to an Indian camp, and it was found that the chief of the band had been instructed by the Franciscans in his childhood, but having in between himself to the roving life of the wilderness, he had finally been appointed to the chieftainship. A council of his tribe having decided that the rite of baptism might be administered, the young people were all baptized, the chief acting as sponsor for the whole of them. His Grace remarked that in dealing with these Indians he had found it necessary, in order to gain their respect, to clothe himself in the most "imposing" vestments, as he found that the feelings which these external adornments inspired in the hearts of these untutored savages prepared the way for the admission of the truths of religion. He mentioned the case of a young boy who, as his parents said, was possessed of a devil. He would use language utterly horrible in character, and as he had never heard the words he made use of he must have learned them by direct Satanic interposition. His Grace stated that he had employed the exorcisms of the Church for Satanic possession, prayed over the child, and sprinkled him with holy water, amid the stoutest resistance at first, but all at once the boy had thrown up his arms and embraced the priest, and ever afterwards he was perfectly tractable and well behaved. His Grace mentioned a number of other interesting incidents, showing the character of the country and its inhabitants. The lecture was heard with close attention, and was loudly applauded at its conclusion.—Globe

Horsford's Acid Phosphate Invaluable as a Tonic. Dr. J. L. Pratt, Greenfield, Ill., says: "It is all that it claims to be—invaluable as a tonic in any case where an acid tonic is indicated."

O'DONNELL'S FRENZY. London, Dec. 4.—It is said that O'Donnell's frenzy at the conclusion of his trial was due to the fact that he was not allowed to speak. He failed to hear the Court Registrar when he asked him if he had anything to say.

DOWN'S ELIXIR N. H. DOWN'S VEGETABLE BALSAM Elixir Has stood the test for FIFTY-THREE YEARS, and has proved itself the best remedy known for the cure of Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and all Lung Diseases in young or old. SOLD EVERYWHERE. Price 25c. and \$1.00 per Bottle. DOWN'S ELIXIR

THE QUEEN'S SECRET.

CHAPTER XXVI. (CONTINUED.)

"Know thee? Why should I know thee? angrily demanded the knight. "Why shouldn't ye though? I'd like ye'd tell me that." "Know thee; know thee, eh?" and the knight lowered his voice, as he began to look sharply at the trooper. "Faith, it's nearly time, am thinkin', after takin' care o' ye these five years an more; begorra, I've reason to know ye well enough, any how." "Why, fellow, thou'rt not my servant, Reddy Connor—eh—what?" "And who else id I be?" "Reddy Connor in that uniform?" "Ay, and by the powers, a brave convenient snit it is, that same, on a pinch." "And pray, Reddy, what meantest thou by this freak?" inquired the old man, roovering his natural amiability of temper. "How hast come to be a troop sergeant of her majesty so suddenly, eh, man? Tell me that, fie, ha! gramercy, and the moustache—where—where came ye to find it? By my word of honor thou lookest a most valiant soldier—ha, ha!" And the knight laughed heartily at the figure before him. "Aisy, aisy, master," replied Reddy; "I'll tell ye all time enough; but I'm in a hurry now; so stay there till I come back;" and he vanished round the corner of the old building in a twinkling. "Soul o' my body, the fellow hath lost his wits altogether," muttered the knight, half astonished at Reddy's changed appearance. "The villain's never out of mischief; I always do some kind of devilry; but now I fear me he is mad in right earnest. What! he cannot have killed one of these cowardly troopers, and then assumed his dress. Nay, by my god sooth, he would have small scruple on that score; methinks the mistreating of the queen's followers would give him but little trouble. Mary! it's but a week gone since he carried that canting preacher under his arm to the horse pond, with a little concern as I would carry a volume of Eusebius. And the villain spoke to the poor fellow as civilly as if he were doing him a favor. Ha, ha! He thought as little of drowning the poor knave as if he'd been an old barrier w'ch'd lost his fire claws; but this trick of his seemeth of a new fashion, and somewhat out of the line of his usual devilries. So ho, here he comes, and upon my life, on horseback!"

As he spoke, Reddy appeared, wheeling suddenly round the corner, mounted on a powerful black horse, and dashing up to the knight, ordered him peremptorily to mount on the pillion behind him. "What art mad?" demanded Sir Geoffrey. "Not entirely," responded Reddy, with his usual coolness; "but I soon will if you hold on this way." "What way, varlet?" "Why, meanderin' here, an breakin' my heart arter ye, when ye ought to be at home in yer bed." "Thou impudent saucy," cried Sir Geoffrey, displeased at Reddy's boldness, and shaking his cane at him somewhat in the style of a country schoolmaster, when threatening an insolent schoolboy, "how presumest thou to speak me thus?" "Come, come," responded Reddy, "ye may threaten as long as ye please, but ye know yer under my charge; so mount, and come with me."

"Thy charge, sirrah?" "Ay course, my charge; didn't I take care of ye these five years past? So lave yer own thrash iv books there till we send for them, and come home, this mornin'." "I'll suffer it no longer," said the knight, annoyed, as usual, at Reddy's assumption of authority, and stamping his foot on the ground; "this is intolerable, sir. I'm most willing to return if I may do so with safety, but I shall not suffer thee to control me. I will not be commanded, sir; no, sir, I tell thee, fellow, I will suffer no man to rule me. I must have reason for't, or thou goest alone." "Ay, begorra," said Reddy, "ye must have reasons for every thing; faith, it's luckin' arter them same reasons that fixed ye, so it fe. Ye spent six months last year to find the reason for a crab havin' a hard skin; an I'd like to know what he'd id ye, and what business ye had to interfere in such things at all. Faith, it'd be fitter for ye to be mindin' yer own affairs, am thinkin'. There's yer steward an may I never see pace if ye know as much about Haybrow. Humph! ye'd rather be countin' how many feet a grasshopper had, than how many horses in yer stable, or cows in yer byre. It's no wonder things are gone astray in spite o' me, when I have such a master to deal with. An here he's now turnin' agin me, after all I did for him. O, master, master! it's a miracle am livin' at all!"

"I ordered thee off a score of times, ye villain; but it was all in vain." "Humph! I told ye that; there's more av it," murmured Reddy. "And here thou'rt still, as troublesome and persevering as ever," continued the knight. "Troublesome! well, now, that word id vex me, only I know ye don't mean it." "Nay, I tell thee, sirrah, I'm wearied of thee—heartily tired of thy presumption." "Presumption! O, by Jamin, if that didn't fog the primer out and out. An will ye tell me now, Sir Geoffrey, just atween ourselves, have ye any notion of what ye end do without me?" "What I did before I saw thee—take care of myself!" "O, powers o' patience, listen to this. Consumein' to me," cried Reddy, striking the pommel of the saddle with his fist, "but yer the most ungrateful master I ever mortal man was burdened with. Here I am, advistin' ye night, noon, and mornin'!" "Ah, marry come up they!" interjected the knight; "advistin' me! why thou—"

"Stop!" ejaculated Reddy; "stop! don't, or ye'll be sorry for callin' me out iv my name; the laste said's soonest mended, ye know; but answer me this, master, av ye please, answer me this, and then am done: Didn't I give ye the benefit iv my advice and counsel every time I thought ye needed it, didn't I? Didn't I keep throutin' at yer heels like a lapdog, round the pound, there, five years, day after day, aferead ye'd be drowned some time or other, when ye went to catch a trout for yer experiments, didn't I? Stop now till I'm done speakin'. Hadn't I to take ye to bed every night in the year, for fear ye'd read yerself blind, hadn't I? Didn't I make a haythin iv myself, amost, keepin' them dirty schamin' blackguards from about the house, that come to sell ye the birds an bunnies, didn't I? Hadn't I to guard ye, when ye went out from the beggars, that wudn't have a stitch on yer back, or a penny in yer purse, hadn't I? Is it ten days ago since I had to pursue that old obstinate villager, that brings ye them livin' things in the bottle, and took yer last shute o' clothes, from under his arm, that ye stole to him through the windy, when ye got my back turned? Eh, will ye answer me that? And now ye

THE QUEEN'S SECRET.

CHAPTER XXVII.

After the murmurs of surprise, and whisperings of suspicion, caused by the detection of Whitrat Maobairn in the cell, had ceased, Alice conversed a moment in private with father Peter, and then retired to a remote corner of the apartment, where she sat down to recover her composure, by the side of her old friend and protegee. And now a new scene presented itself to her view—one, indeed, she had often heard described, but never witnessed before. Along the walls on either side torches were placed at regular intervals to illuminate the apartment. These were made of the bog fir found in the swamps of the Thames, and sent up a thick, refulgent smoke to the high vaulted roof, there to seek escape through the fissures and apertures, which Nature had left in her hurried and ill-jointed masonry. On the floor of the cell, and leaving a space in the middle to serve as an aisle or passage way, were to be seen a multitude of persons of different ages and sexes. Some were speaking to each other in low, subdued tones, others venting the rosary together in little groups of five and six, and here and there a solitary individual apart from the rest, praying with upcast eyes and outstretched hands. Beyond, at the further extremity, appeared the altar, with its usual furniture—the chalice covered with the veil, the missal, the antependium falling down to the ground, and showing its gold embroidered ground in front, and the ornate surmounting and overlooking the solemn preparation. Alice glanced, as she gazed on the scene before her, and thought of the desolate place and midnight hour, she beheld a true picture of the octocosts in the reign of Dioclesian. "Nell," she whispered, grasping the old woman by the arm, and looking round the apartment, "this truly is an awful sight; so many driven to seek this poor shelter, from the pitiless storms of human passions; so many of God's creatures hidden from the face of their brethren, whilst they stealthily offer homage to the Creator and common Father of all."

"Ay, lassie, to ane like yerse, who ne'er afore saw sic a meetin', it maun surely be an uncosed and dolefu' sight," replied Nell; "but to me it's as famelike as the meetin' in the auld chapel o' Linnlithgow, where me and my forbears worshipped lang syne." "And yet it hath its beauty and its grandeur, too," continued Alice. "Grandeur! hugh lassie, and what ken ye o' its grandeur?" responded Nell, somewhat slightly. "Ye who spent yer life mang auld beuks, pickin' aw frae leaf to leaf, to please an old fat body, that's mare intent on makin' nice distinctions atween a doctor's logic an the tithes, or may be, huntin' after dates, and names o' places, and sic foolisome things, than studyin' the spirit and the grit o' his religion. Out, woman; ye ken nothin' o' its grandeur av it's no in the bow, in'down o' crowned heads stre the altar, nor in the costly equipage, w' heralds and fankies, and a' that; nor in the sheen of the sword that beget the sanctuary, nor in the costly vestments whilk the haunce o' queens has worked for the bishop, and the abbot to read the mass w' in the royal palace, as ye aft has seen in France. No, no, my bairn," pursued Nell, "whispering her words with a force and emphasis that showed how much she interested she felt in the subject, it's no in a' things ye can see the spirit; an the pith, an the beauty, an the grandeur o' yer religion, but in the grip it tak the hearts o' the poor, and see hands them together, when poverty, and disgrace, and persecution, wad, has bracken and crushed them w' their weight o' woe. O, na, na; it's in the pith, w' id the smile, and the pith beggar's laugh, ye maun

gung look for its grandeur, and its beauty, it's in the b're honest look o' the country tyke afore the heretic judge, threatenin' him w' rape an fogot, ye can see its grandeur, an no in the proud, scorn' face o' the high-bluid knight, wha draws his rapier to defend it fra insult. O lassie, gin ye'd ken weel the beauty an the grandeur o' yer religion, ye maun herd w' the poor, an the houseless, an the persecuted, as I have done, an learn it there in the school where Christ, yer Redeemer, lik'd mist to teach it. Ay, bairn, right weel I know that teachin, in a' this earth o' ours, it-overs guld o'ocerty to adorn it; an muckle it-gars me greet to see it stripped o' a single ornament; an weelam I pleased to see noble pamaats like the Jewels and precious trinkets frae their necks an arms, and lay them down on the steps o' the holy place, as an offering to our God or his Virgin Mother; but after a' this show o' the greats' teachin, mair nor the outer coverin' o' religion; w' ken but the shell whilk, when cracked, may hae a musty kernel within. Ay, woman, I have seen nobles, and knights o' high degree, draw their hangers an fight like vane devils, for the honor, as they ca'd it, o' Catholic faith; an still after a' that, an a' their boastin' o' the glories o' the past, an a' the uphauin' o' the memories o' by-gone times, an their pride o' antiquity, I saw them sink down an cover like hairns afore the mock an the leer o' their heretic friends. Ay, ay, lassie, I saw them conquered by the finger o' scorn that at the armies o' France cud na quell. An wha's the reason—wha's the reason? why, can because it was na religion, but pride, that swall'd the heart, an nerved the arm; an, when the pride was killed in the score, there was naethin' left. O, I wouldna gie a kail blade for sic faith. When dukes and earls die lyk other to the outrance for as word spoken in jest, what wonder id they'd mak the word o' God a cause o' quarrel. But, lassie, it's na God's honor they fight for; it's their ain. O, gie me the simple, pure faith that makes na pretence, that looks na twa ways at aince,—at God on the world,—but makes its way right straight on, through a' obstacles, not w' the angry countenance, but w' the woe modest blush. Look there," continued Nell, pointing to a peasant girl, who had just entered with a noiseless step, and retired behind a projecting rock, which almost hid her in its deep shadow; "that's the faith that wears well; that's the faith an the religion whilk's ay the same, ne'er changing a jot, though fortune, an friends, an hopes, an names, an honor, an respect, an a' has left her. That's the beauty an the grandeur o' yer religion, and gin ye want to learn it, gung look for't there."

"I know how it is," observed Alice, "but thy words almost terrify me, and make me shudder for myself." "Ye wudna stagger, bairn, wad ye?" demanded Nell, looking into the maiden's face and squeezing her. "O, God forbid," responded Alice, "that I should ever waver in my adhesion to the old faith of my fathers." "Hogh! ye fe's hars!" repeated Nell, again resuming her contemptuous tone; "it's for aye yer fathers. Be constant to yer God, woman, an dinna mind yer fathers; gin yer ain father's head lay aside the block, an the heretic, or may be a heap o' auld ruins like the wa's o' Glastonbury, an yerself a houseless, homeless wanderer, think ye, puir, sily bairn, yer pride o' Catholic ancestors wud sustain ye?"

"Ye wrightly wou'd," replied Alice, turning round to face her companion, whilst her eyes brightly shone, and her cheek flushed at the thought. "God grant it, God grant it, my bonnie lassie," said Nell; "God grant that ye dinna turn, like many another fair lady o' yer ain kinnowin', to wha's na better than a boor tree sucklin' that ays bracks w' the leanin' o'nt. O, dinna speak too loud, lassie, ye has na seen the worst o' yet. Noo hearken to me, I wud gie ten years o' my life to come, mistress Alice, to see ye safe at Holyrood."

"I never shall leave England without my father," firmly responded the young girl. "Ha, ha!" laughed Nell; "hand ye peace, hand ye peace, bairn; if I durst risk the journey, I'd na fash mysel muckle about yer consent. But, alack, that be too many eyes turned on Whinstane Hollow to mak the attempt." "Thou'rt a strange being," said Alice, casting a look of wonder at the old woman. "Thou speakest with confidence of ten years of thy life to come, though a reputed witch whom the laws of the land devote to the pils, and who art even now almost arrived at the ordinary term of life." "Haud a care, bairn," interrupted Nell; "we maun na speak o' these things noo. But I wud hae ye ken, neethless, that o' a' the Gowers that met w' a fair, strae death, sic w' forbears first followed the Campbells, nae o' them e'er sunk w' less than a hundred years on the back. And yet gin ye were come o' a short-lived race, an e'en be a bedrel in the neck anent yer ain fresside, I know that within me, Alice Wentworth, that gie ye assurance I'll ne'er see death till I see the highest head in this lan' bow down before the Scotch spawfish. Ay, ay, girl," continued Nell, in a forced whisper that settled on the maiden's ear as the woman's lips approached her cheeks, "I can see, e'en noo, the livin' proofs o' her shame and infamy follow her about like vampires, to suck the proud, lecherous bluid frae her heart. I'll live to see her ain misbegotten bairn rise up in judgment against her, an stan' atween the angel o' mercy an her soul, when her last hour comes. I see it a' noo," pursued Nell, gazing as if she looked through a long vista into futurity. "I see them noo; the two red heads grinnin' at her, like devils, in the throes o' her agony. Heh! woman, it's an awful sight to look at, and yet it's too mild a punishment for the enormity o' her crimes."

"Nell, Nell!" ejaculated Alice, "this is most unchristian speech of thine, and ill befitting the time and place; pray, rather, that God may convert her from her evil ways, and save her soul from so terrible a fate."

"Nell, Nell!" cried Alice, "this is most unchristian speech of thine, and ill befitting the time and place; pray, rather, that God may convert her from her evil ways, and save her soul from so terrible a fate." "Maiden, I dinna wish for the death o' her soul, nor the wealth o' her body. Na, na; wert possible to hope, I wad pray for that as we're obliged to pray for our enemies; but it canna be. Heaven, in its awfu' justice, has decreed her destiny, an I maun live to see it. Faith, fair wou'd I gae the sight o' that dolefu' tragedy; but Heaven maun be obeyed. She hang'd o' her friends for Seymour; she drove his her friends for Seymour; she drove his her friends for Seymour, as a guld, as e'er drew bow or claymore, frae their hearts, an then frae their native soil a' together, to die fightin' for a foreign prince, unscoll'd an unhonoured; wae's me, wae's me; she has na left me kith or kin, in the wide world, to house w' in my dyin' hour; an last and worst o' a', she noo plots the murder o' the queen o' Scots, as if she wad na leave a fibre o' her heartstrings unbroken; an yet I could pray for her w'yles, ay, could I, when I think o' Him that died for us, an when the guld thoughts come ower my heart; but, alas, alas! it's na use, it's na use av

she canna be saved. The Jesabel o' nations maun die the death." "Hush, hush!" cried Alice, "fearfully looking round, 'thou forgettest; thyself, Nell; thy overheated imagination hath made away with thy wits." "Na, na, bairn; when the voice came to my bedside that night, the even night o' 19th o' August, 1561, and I'm bound to rise, an gung awa to Whinstane Hollow in the forest, bear to the royal palace o' Hampton, an hide there in the neighborhood o' the court, an keep watch o' Elizabeth, that she ha' not the bonnie queen, an be guardan' up for the persecuted o' the church, an thwart an baffle the wicked queen w' a' my g'ratin' kin an rascals, an no abandon my post till I saw the wanton pay the awfu' penalty o' her crimes. An spier ye wha that's to be? Berr ye ower, I'll whisker in yer ear: She'll die mad at the sight o' her ain flesh and blud. When that voice came and slowly sounded alic words in my ears, it was an imagination; na, na, Mistress Alice, I was as muckle awake as yerself this mornin, an w' the fu' enjoyment o' my senses. But stan' back, lassie, stan' back, an let the people gang by; we maunna speak a' these things noo, as the chapel's fallin' fast."

CHAPTER XXIX. As the time for divine service drew near, the people began to flock in in greater numbers. The majority, indeed, were of the humbler classes, as might be seen by their coarse gray doublets and Dutch hose. But now and then a knight, or noble, wearing a rapier under his cloak, appeared, slowly passing through the low door of the chapel, accompanied by his family, and attended by his domestics, and walking up through the aisle more confidently than the rest, knelt down before the altar. "Who may that be?" said Alice, directing Nell's attention to a tall personage of the latter class, wrapped in a dark cloak, who just entered alone, and passed for an instant within the threshold to look about him. "See, he retires now behind the little group there, near the wall, and keeps his face concealed in the folds of his mantle, as if he wished to avoid recognition. Wae may he be, Nell?" "The latter turned to look in the direction Alice had indicated, and in the new corner soon detected the bearing and figure of Roger O'Brien.

"O lassie," said the old woman, tearing up at the maiden significantly, "ye need na ask that question; yer ain twa een can mak him out better than mine." "No," whispered the blushing girl, "I only thought—I fancied—"

"Ay, did ye noo, I'll warrant," interrupted Nell. "Hoot, foot! woman, dinna be see dolefu' wae; I'll wager a baboon yer wae's death! heart falt hie comin' for ye; ye can get the first blink o' his handsome face. Weel, weel, Alice, dinna blush, dinna blush; ye needna be ashamed to acknowledge an interest in the lad, for he's like no to be a heart w' like day o' yer life. He has as be a heart as as stout an arm as ye'll find frae here to Brocton. Ay, ay, bairn, he's a guld honest chiel, that same Roger, an come o' a kingly stock, and wad be sma disgrace to lik w' the best o' them."

"I little expected to see him here," said Alice; "indeed, I was beginning to think he had left for Scotland." "Na wonder yer's he thought it, the foolish lad. He had na been in Holyrood by this time, keepin' watch and ward o'er his bonnie young queen, and no whitin' awa his time here, after a wae ill wench that dinna ken her ain micht two minutes together. But heed ye, woman; look! wha comes here?" she ejaculated, drawing Alice back a step, and directing a side glance at a stout, middle-aged man, who appeared at the door in cap and cassock. "A priest!" observed Alice. "I dinna ken him gin he be," replied Nell. "There's but five in the hale district, an he's name o' them. An wha gars him bide there, when his cassock gies him right o' place near the altar?" she muttered, as the stranger mingled with the crowd. The tingle of a bell was now heard, warning the congregation to prepare for worship; and each one seemed to understand the signal, for all rose simultaneously, and stood awaiting the entrance of the officiating priest. The wexen tapers were then lighted, and the communion cloth spread along the front of the sanctuary. At this moment, and while the people were moving to and fro, each choosing his place to kneel during the service, the stranger in the cassock came close up to where Nell and Alice were standing, and giving them the usual benediction, and a searching look that seemed to scan them from head to foot, passed on, and was soon lost amid the throng. "Wha he be?" muttered Nell. "I have seen him afore, I'll be sworn o'nt, and nae wae very long since, either. That blud' head and sharp gray eyes are no unfamiliar to my sen."

"He's o' right humble bearing, and calmly look," observed Alice. "No doubt, na doubt he's a' that. But the dell can mak himself an angel ye ken. Na, na; we maunna trust the outward appearance, Mistress Alice, in sic kittisome times and places. Mony a spy I have seen as muckle like a priest as that same chiel. But gae wae, bairn; gae wae, an tak yer place by the altar, an prepare for the holy communion, for I have somethin' to see aboot, an canna bide here longer; an hark ye, my bonnie innocent lassie, when ye pray, dinna forget the auld spawfish w' nae w'orthy to pray for herse, nor the puir queen o' Scots, yer ain bosom friend, that needs yer interest so much w' God an his blessed Mither. So gae wae noo, and hide yer face in yer mantle; min' that, hide yer face weel, an dinna be glowerin' aboot ye, for gin I be na much mistaken, there'll be mair nor lover's sen peirin' arter ye the night. Awa noo, and guld be w' ye, bairn. I maun gae out a while, mysel, but there's ane here that'll no think it muckle trouble to tak tent for yer safety."

"The old woman, on quitting her fair protegee, passed close to where O'Brien stood wrapped in his cloak, and whispering a word or two in his ear, made her way on through the crowd to the place where she had lost sight of the stranger in the cassock. But though she looked sharply and cautiously round for him in every direction, he had nowhere to be seen. Concluding he had left, she again crept through the throng, as quietly as before, to the entrance, and placed herself in a recess of the sanctuary, all who passed in or out, without herself being seen. She had not stood there, however, more than a minute or two, when the man in the cassock again appeared, making his way from the chapel with somewhat more haste than he entered. He drew aside the curtain, the light from within fell on his face, and revealed the countenance of one of the drunken revellers whom Nell had seen at the Whitehorse of Whinstane, disputing with his comrades on the question of Elizabeth's divinity. He was

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